

MARVELOUS,

FREE,
GIFT!

*courtesy of INNIS HERALD
(SEE LETTERS & OP. PAGE FOR DETAILS)

Innis



Herald

MMXI-MMXII Edition

October

"the newspaper...has produced a state of numbness, pleasure and self-complacency perhaps only equalled by laughing-gas" H.A. Innis

Issue 2

MAD MONK IN THE MUNK
Prognostic or Madman?
Ima Knowall

As the student body greatly enjoys that rascally medium of information known to the Italians as *peTTeGolEZZo*, to the Rus as *чтениу*, and to us Anglois as gossip (pron. *gō-sā-sōcōpnf*)—should it enlighten their politics or their alphabet soup—I print here a recently eavesdropped discussion, dramatized for the instruction & delight of yeerselves.

PLACE: gloom-grey interiors of the Peter Munk Ctr. TIME: is that very necessary?
DRAMATIS PERSONAE: why bother—you will see them soon enough.

Man About Campus: (walking—nay, *am-bu-lat-ing*: tongue adjourning in the concave mold, whistling the cadenza of Mr. Chopin's *Fantaisie Impromptu* with delicate ease: looks like a curious fish—stops before Our Man) Say, boy-o (elongated: in the ululating manner of PM W.L.M.K. receiving prognostications from his dead dog, do you look glum! (whistle reprises)

Dreary Fellow: Nan of y'r busy-ness (glare reminiscent of the scurrilous Cain via his da') naw p—s aeff, whea dunt ye—

Man About Campus: (still whistling—now the moderate cantabile) oh please, my man, do tell me what ails you—I am an intellectual—I owns me copy of Froid. Terrible stuff, psychologically that is.

Dreary Fellow: Ale? (eyes taking on an astronomical aspect) a pint of plain shall do me quite nice, thank you—and in reciprocity I shall divulge to you my vex'd mind—no, rather the picturing of a dream I vision'd but the other night:

You see, I took (or was I taken on?) a wander through the dark—when lo, the Sun! arising prematurely in the east, sprung to overhang the moon. But came not the light of morn—nay, the darkness stayed, and darkened more, while all the stars, passionless and spent, expired in their eternal space. The obscure Sun began to grow, devouring the sky; and in tandem, a queer sort silence—tho' silent not for long; hushed, like a seashell, all that could be heard at first was the witching cries of the waters—then of Man and beast (but which cried what, I could not tell—they cried so much alike). Finding the droning intolerable, I climbed atop a hill from which did prospect amply stretch the hemisphere of Earth. And from that hill I saw as follows:

continued on pg....?

OUR ADVERTISEMENT RE-PRINTED!

Ed. Due to an unprecedented motion of approval on behalf of the students of this fair campus, with regard to the first issue of the MMXI-MMXII (can you read that?) edition of INNIS HERALD, WE have decided to re-publish the earth-shattering ADVERTISEMENT that provoked such accordant delight in this, our SECOND ISSUE.

—“Audaciūm amue coepit.”



Ever is the case that out of a certain chaos there comes freshly generated the semblance of something wonderful, only to fall to rot upon prolonged exposure to its existence. Cite Modern Art; cite French Revolution; cite Mozart's “Ah! vous dirai-je, Maman”, viz. *bar nine ad finem*; cite dictionaries; cite Man; cite God; cite Love, & We. could. go. on. The only exceptions to this rule—thus far in recorded history—are the following irregulars: Bill Shakespeare; the Mandarin language; and March the fourth on a reputable calendar. Today—after forty-six years of nerve-churning chaos—the present staff at INNIS HERALD procure a unanimous step towards congress with that aforementioned trinity of eminence.

Survey these pages: you will find no masthead; no insipid editorials; no irrelevant lists of obsessed ephemera; no enterprises in the propagation of dullness like those other campus papers. Above all, NO STUDENT POETRY.** There is no excuse for that disease and our investigative unit is pursuing its eradication for the benefit of all. INNIS HERALD is not a forum for little children to play dress-up. This is the real deal.

As WE advance to make our bow, WE—each and all of us—are reminded of a story once attended to amidst the haze of swaddled infancy: it concerns an obedient watchdog, named Spotty, diurnally lashed by his master for the seemingly guileless crime of doing as he was told. Told to keep away thievish brutes and nightly malefactors, he barked but to be beaten for keeping his lord from sleep. Told to shut-up, his compliance was met with the rod for failing to protect the live-stock. Do you get it, you sadistic lunkheads? Well, INNIS HERALD does. Thus is the doom of conventional journalism: and the offender is twofold—and if you still haven't ‘got it’ then arise upon your podiums of imbecility, you world.class buffoons!

Forget Spotty. INNIS HERALD is a more arrogant and depraved body of canine. WE bite back! and with indignat, unserve rabidity. BARK!! BARK!! BARK!! Are you scared? Afraid to read honest ink writ by honest blood? BARK!! BARK!! BARK!! Listen you bugaboos! full-blooded, voluptuous Truth comes a-marching in our howls. BARK!! BARK!! BARK!! Our eyes and ears are everywhere. We are infiltrating ‘the sham.’ “Do you get the smell of porter?” INNIS HERALD doesn't care.

(wild uproar and ingenuous applause)

*Mr. Shakespeare was, we will still believe, once a man at all. **And thus, we apologize profusely for the poetry that appears in this issue.

signed on behalf of the provisional editorial board,

Yeats O'Tabbikat

ICAMPUS ALERT!
HERALD EDITOR-IN-CHIEF ASSAULTED
ONE MONTH INTO JOB
ANYONE COULD BE NEXT!
Yeats O'Tabbikat

Something...has been troubling me lately. I mean, truly, it has dealt me a poverty of somnolence. It's...well...(*agitated, infantile eyes*)...err...I mea...oh the damnd hell of it (*throws up arms in despair*), let me just transcribe this article I spied the other day in the St. Petersburg Times:

HAVANA DECLARES WAR ON ITS ARMY OF CATS
HAVANA—(AP)—Havana is looking for a pied piper to save the city from cats. Stories of marauding felines who raid homes and grocery stores have indicated serious congestion of the cat population...The only opposition to this project has come from those who argue that cats are better than rats.

I am stupefied. How did this even make it to print? Yes, I know it was written in 1929 and all, a particularly insignificant year by all accounts—oh and I mean besides the pauper's death of “Ves” Henderson, the “Original Man of Borneo”. But, really, this story actually passed from the reporter's hands, through those wind-and-wreathing Gogolian bureaus, past copy editors, seniors of staff, the Lord Editor, and actually made it, inked, onto the o.o3 gram derby-dapper whiey-white paper I had in my very hands a fortnight ago?

Boyl Did they have reporters with gusto back then! I have been endeavoring since Wednesday last to get The Star, The Globe, the Post, or the Varsity, to print my own woes of “marauding felines”. All to no avail (and yet they'll gladly publish anything to please their closet bourgeoisie knuckleheads). Just two weeks ago I attacked—ATTACKED! by a pack of them upon quitting the HERALD office at Sussex (I was feeding our rats, if you must know). It was all claws and blinding tapetum lucidums as I bumbled down the college steps....Laying in grass, and fearful for my very life, I caught the distinct fragrance of ‘indignatio’ aloft in the midnight air... Incidentally, my girlfriend cracked a nail that very night—not that the two stories are interrelated or anything...

IF OCTOBER IS YOUR
BIRTHDAY MONTH

you are also sharing it with this fine individual



Oct 6-Shuairi Kuruma, retired auto-mechanic
(HIRATSUKA, JAPAN)

WE ARE IN NO POSITION TO SNEER AT AMERICANS
A diatribe on religious security in Canadian legislature
Alexander Offord

In this country, this spoiled, petulant little state, a national pastime has always been the mockery of Americans; possibly, this practice ranks alongside hockey, beer, and the Mackenzie brothers in terms of unofficial iconography. Indeed, there is truly no worse accusation to level against a politician than that of “Americanization.” The gibes and gloating of fat, pseudo-liberal Canadians and our antipathy to our southern brethren have never served us, either in the interest of creating a Canadian national identity (which continues to evade immanization largely due to the anti-intellectual credos of the Politically Correct elite; after all, just look at what they've done to Mordecai Richler), or in informing our political discourse. The indignation of Canadians at their American counterparts' ignorance as to Canadian culture ought to be understandable; what, after all, is Canadian culture?

This prejudice is unfounded and really quite snide. Many Americans do not, of course, help their cause; the “Freedom Fries” stupidity is hardly conducive to being taken seriously. Nevertheless, the American Constitution was

and remains vastly superior to our own feeble pieces of legislation, and it will continue to be so for the foreseeable future.

Why? The First Amendment.

The First Amendment to the Constitution was born out of the Virginia Statute of Religious Freedom, authored by Thomas Jefferson in 1777, passed into Virginia legislature in 1786. With a certain delicious severity, it states:

We the General Assembly of Virginia do enact that no man shall be compelled to frequent or support any religious worship, place, or ministry whatsoever, nor shall be enforced, restrained, molested, or burthened in his body or goods, nor shall otherwise suffer, on account of his religious opinions or belief; but that all men shall be free to profess, and by argument to maintain, their opinions in matters of religion, and that the same shall in no wise diminish, enlarge, or affect their civil capacities.

This is only one example of a long, noble history of American secularism, a tradition that includes such brilliant minds as Benjamin Franklin and Thomas Paine. Paine, in particular, easily one of the greatest of all North American essayists (we in Canada have no one who could even touch him), writes with typical eloquence:

Whenever we read the obscene stories the voluptuous debaucheries, the cruel and tortuous executions, the unrelenting vindictiveness with which more than half the bible is filled, it would be more consistent that we call it the word of a demon rather than the word of God. It is a history of wickedness that has served to corrupt and brutalize mankind; and, for my part, I sincerely detest it as I detest everything that is cruel.”

continued on pg 2

continued from pg 1: Offord

These men fostered the environment in which the single most revolutionary document in all history was drafted: the First Amendment to the Constitution. It is brief, almost terse; as taut as a Raymond Carver story, as direct as a bullet from Harry Callahan's .357. It states:

Congress shall make no law respecting an establishment of religion, or prohibiting the free exercise thereof; or abridging the freedom of speech, or of the press; or the right of the people peaceably to assemble, and to petition the government for a redress of grievances.

There is no comparable piece of legislation in the double helix of Canadian law, not in the Charter of Rights and Freedoms and certainly not in the Criminal Code. True, the Americans have not always been loyal to this most crucial principle of their national identity – the McCarthy era led to a hysterical and insidious program of anti-sectarianism, in a nauseating but partially successful attempt to portray the United States as a Christian nation, an antithesis to the "godless" Soviet Union. After all, prior to 1954, the Pledge of Allegiance read,

"I pledge allegiance to the flag of the United States of America, and to the Republic for which it stands; one nation, indivisible, with liberty and justice for all."

McCarthy warped this into its present form, obtruding the phrase "under God" into the sentence, rather like sewing a weasel to the side of a beautiful woman's face. This is cited frequently by Christian fundamentalists as being evidence of the inherent Christian nature of America. Nothing could be farther either from historical reality or the intentions of the Founding Fathers.

Even so, it's there, and we ought to be envious of it. We're not. In fact, quite the opposite. This is what the Criminal Code of Canada has to say about "hate speech":

318. (1) Every one who advocates or promotes genocide is guilty of an indictable offence and liable to imprisonment for a term not exceeding five years.

Definition of "genocide"

(2) In this section, "genocide" means any of the following acts committed with intent to destroy in whole or in part any identifiable group, namely,

- (a) killing members of the group; or
- (b) deliberately inflicting on the group conditions of life calculated to bring about its physical destruction...

Definition of "identifiable group"

(4) In this section, "identifiable group" means any section of the public distinguished by colour, race, religion, ethnic origin or sexual orientation.

So far the quibble is minor, no? I'm not particularly attracted, generally, to those who advocate or promote genocide, although I am against censorship of any kind. Nevertheless, I suppose I could live with section 318 under compulsion, which, incidentally, I am. However, the succeeded passages... Well. Up with them, I will not put.

Section 319 (b) of the Criminal Code states: "If, in good faith, the person expressed or attempted to establish by an argument an opinion on a religious subject or an opinion based on a belief in a religious text" then he or she is absolved of the criminal charges otherwise incurred under Section 318.

That any Canadian can be anything other than outraged by this is diminishing to the spirit. Or not, rather: it sticks in one's craw. Insulting. Infuriating. Here, in a country purporting to be one that values the principles of the Enlightenment, where freedom of and from religion is so important, we have a law saying that if you demand that, say, the Jews could be eradicated in a pogrom on a global scale, it's not hate speech if you're doing it because of your religion.

This means, effectively, that when Bilal Philips says that homosexuals should be butchered en masse, it isn't hate speech because he's a Muslim. This is extraordinarily insulting to those of us with no beliefs; it provides an escape clause for the religious and is also, incidentally, a rather enormous concession on the part of the Canadian legislature and, by extension, the electorate. It is an admission of something that religious people have been denying for at least decades if not centuries: religion commands genocide. If it did not, why on earth would they need this kind of protection? The only speech of which the banning could arguably be justifiable (although, to reiterate, I don't think any speech ought to be banned) is the very speech that is explicitly protected by the Criminal Code.

Below the words "hate speech" based on a DVNO (Herald) provided an example of the "hate speech" mentioned in the text. The words "hate speech" are in red. The words "hate speech" are in red.



\$5 (of space)

INNIS HERALD is finally giving back to its community: we fall prostrate before the student body and humbly offer up this small token of appreciation. It's more than you'll ever get from ICSS.

AN APPRECIATION OF ICSS AND THEIR UTMOST DEVOTION TO THE BETTERMENT OF INNIS COLLEGE STUDENTS WRITTEN BY AN COLLEGE COLEGUE OF PERHAPS MINOR IMPORTANCE TO BE DISTRIBUTED AMONGST 'THE PEOPLES' TO PROMOTE THE LOVE FOR ONE'S ACADEMIC HOMELAND IN THE FACE OF DEVELOPING ADVERSITY

It is a sad thing—a very contemptible, disquieting, and sad thing—when a college forsakes its propitious, kiribiyaka-ouclid, brothers and sisters. You know which one I am referring to—and if you are soon to graduate from this reputable *institutio*, and have remained ignorant of this atrocity throughout your academic career, permit me to whisper the name in thine ear: *pishwsh-swshswsh*... But of course you knew that, didn't you?

We, however, students of Innis College are a lighthouse on the Plymouth Rock of this grande campus. Our student society (ICSS, or 'exes' as it is so affectionately pronounced by those who have come to love its endearing, perpetually locked—as if it was Ali Baba's cave, and we need but remember those magic incantations... what, o what were they again?—*geschäftsstelle*) is the Gibraltar, the Rockefeller building, the impenetrable Canadian shield of our collective college conscious: "All Innis students and residence students belong to the ICSS". Would that we *inkid* such a contract in blood!

Let me remind you what ICSS has done for us, the Innis College student body, as of recent years: (a) they have raised political awareness by holding a thirty-hour famine so we may "experience [c] hunger for [our] selves" (I now know what it means to have a free brunch waiting for me after an act of pure humanitarianism). (b) They have donated \$100 of each of our first-years' monies (in good faith of counsel and so, copious advertisement was unnecessary) for a Casino Night. (c) They are adamant in preventing the sale of bottled water on campus (which is why they must store so much plastic beverage in their office—to insure it is not sold elsewhere). (d) They are equally adamant in preserving their resources (as when after appropriating CINSSU's popcorn machine ICSS cleaned one window, leaving the rest of their work to be accounted for organically by Father-Time). (e) They probe critical thought on student issues (note the focused, multicultural agenda championed via Facebook by the sole commentators of the 2010 Spring election: "burrito banditos!!!" and "I vote for mexican." (f) They are "spatially aware" of our College's interior design (re: the elaborate Innis College Foyer Proposal—contributed to by current ICSS president Alex Heuton—where enigmatic alliterative phrases like "furniture, fixtures, and features must be flexible," where enigmatic alliterative phrases like "furniture, fixtures, and features must be flexible," an exhaustive interviews*, and an overwhelmingly altruistic aim of making Innis College "a classy place" (with our monies), are sufficient examples of good character to grant apotheosis to the benevolent writers of the pamphlet). Truly, ICSS offers "a range of educational, social, athletic and political activities" for the betterment of our bodies and minds.

But those scandalous Trinity-gawkies, those pulpit preaching 'St. Mike-ies', those hoity-toity Victoria Collegers—all those blockheads with their *Old World HQs* parading around like peacocks through our halls as if they owned the place. As if they owned the place! Our stairwell, where Jeremy Tran slipped on a banana peel but landed professionally on his fine two feet; our basement lavatories where the College ghost ("Simone") stalks each early morning "a th' stroke o' three"; our library, unparalleled in solemnitude even by Alexandria's ears; our town hall, where Letitia and I first kissed beneath the diaphanous projector light of a film screening. And those invaders from the east think they own the place!

Foreign malefactors are poisoning our ancestral home; and primarily under two guises: the "we are cinema studies students" and, much worse, the "we would like to contribute to the Innis Herald" anarchists.

Ugh—the Herald—that odoriferous, pornographic, radical arm of our campus' artistic community. Why does such a once hallowed name now send shivers down the vertebral column? Their pretentious "submissions wanted" poster hanging in the window: they must be desperate about something—but what? *How suspicious!* And what does their interest in cinema have to do with Innis College anyways? And how does cinema pertain to politics, music, literature, or the visual arts? I am confident that such *kultur* will be the farthest thing from the good Innis student's mind. Their present editor-in-chief, Mr. O'Tabikett**, (I for one question his existence) professes not to be of the college yet attempts to stand his ground with the excuse: "I am enrolled in the cinema studies; I have never been to my own sorry college; and I am a fervent admirer of the works of Harold A. Innis." Now, my eminent superior at ICSS has confided in me that O'Tabikett is toying with us; specifically, that there is no such individual as Harold Innis; that the name is a simple *essai* at punnery on the heraldry of our old Innis College watermarks.

Thankfully, ICSS is aiming to shut down this mockery of a newspaper by revoking their funding and confiscating their office supplies. Patience will be necessary, however—ICSS is so entirely engrossed in their dedication to us, their fellow students, that they have yet to make up office hours, nor can anyone seem to reach them in hopes of renting lockers, and so communication between the Herald and our masters has been scant. But—all in good time, right? We pray we all may get a free lunch out of this, a pool-table, or perhaps some more beanbag chairs scented with the delicate aroma of memory.

Long live ICSS.

Michael Connors (3rd year Anthropology major & Innis student)

*ICSS conducted a total of three interviews in the said proposal—two of which dealt with non-Innis College students.

**Ed. My cognomen is spelled O-T-A-B-I-K-E-T.

ARTICLES & ESSAYS

October

Issue 2

NEW REVOLUTIONS IN INGLIF a modern man

áj baliv in Wórdzwór—áj min áj móst háv réd hiz préfas tú do Línkal Báládáz éz méni tájmz óvár éz a Búdst ház lívz. óa "ríl lágwáz áv mén," óa "hjúman blád óét sárkjolets Órú óa vénz áv bóó" póótri énd próz áj lav ít! NÓ—áj ódar ít. in fékt, búj éz áj ém, a fárm dófóndar áv révolúfóneri pádókis in úl ít fórmz, áj balív ít íz tájm wí fép ávár lágwáz tú óét áv "ríl mén". óa dízkongruati batwín ávár fántéks énd óa nájtugel in ít énd évári áv ávár vójsz íz síkanú énd dímdéndz rémádi. lét ós stórm óén, bróórz, sístarz óa Bástíl áv óís "ENGLISH" náw, énd sténd nékád bófór a glóriás brénd nú-dé av óralati.

A PLEA FOR THE LONG "S" Horace Humbert

I fay—I do not wísh to fíow fíuch an heated ásefse-ment of thofe fíly perfons who díparage the úfe of the long "f" but where and when I míf, I míf! They fay, always, 'tis wífe to fípeak módernízed Englíf, fo as to make únderfandable focial dífcourse wíth óne's áfsoíates. And yet! 'tis they who trufly fíck the 'wífe' out of our mórtal tongue, ríght únder our nófes; that ís, wíth theír—

Ed. Stop the presses! (Archibald Wapenloos and Sally Malhotra, first-year lackeys at INNIS HERALD cool the steam engines with the frantic turning of valves

while the foreman says a Hail-Mary in his office—Crash! Kr-kr-kra-kraw-k-chajizzle POING! ziiiiiiepp sploshssssjj- zzz—urmmmm...SHRIEK—Wapenloos loses his arm in the aforementioned catastrophe, for which ICSS will hereby compensate, gladly, with the granting of one professional 'note-taker', free of charge for the rest of the academic season) Are you insane, man?!

Myself: Infane? fíut thy fíobberer, fonny boy. If I was infane I'd fíeak líke: 968 84465 4 26 27299; 96853 2 626 946 7327 2428237 23 27299?!

CLOTHING: DO WE NEED IT?

Alexander Tradmacallion

What deeper sense of meaning or significance can one affix to that custom we have become so wholly suffocated by, to the extent that we have extinguished some little-remembered part of ourselves? I am referring to the attiring of one's body in guise—that is, "in clothes".

For example, it is obvious that the church-key, or bottle-opener, is merely an extension of one's teeth. I am confident that Mr. D.F. Sampson invented the device only after the realization that centuries of bleeding gums and a piano-mouth were not worth the alcoholic beverages they unfasted.

Another that comes to mind is the 'school examination'. Simply put, it is a metaphorical 'teacher'—that is, if we ever come to the realization that a professor who teaches more than five students is really teaching no one at all.

But what of sun-glasses, pray tell? It is commonly assumed that sun-glasses are merely for preventing ultra-violet radiation. But why then, if I may be so bold to mark, do we often see them worn on cloudy days, in banks, in bathtubs, in classrooms &c... Well, that is because the true significance of such augmentation lies in annihilating entirely the purpose of morning by denying all association with light; or, our Platonism; our joy; our labour; and our creativity—in extending the darkness of evening infinitely across both time and space. This is why nymphomaniacs, pessimists, and 'who-needs-to-get-a-job-I'll-just-be-a-artist' parasites are the most common champions of this invention.

Hair-gel? That is easy—Man severely misses the primitive age when his mommy used to personally lick back his hair.

(crescendo of footsteps in the hallway —a figure draped in black appears at the doorway, unnoticed)

Now, now—back to our original investigation: "the meaning of clothes," was it? What is it that rises to us de profundis, out of our artificial hearts? Clothing was once thought to signify an embarrassment of one's genitalia revealed to its propinquity. Pre-20th century thought, surely...

(the mysterious figure reaches into his pocket slowly—handles a revolver into the open air—Kii-lik!)

...You see, the means of ourselves that have been extinguished by the means of clothing is "Love". When we donned our first rag out there on the harsh terrain of Paleolithic-history, we shrugged off all communication with our surrounding others. This only becomes clear when we stand naked before...

(BANG! BANG! BANG!—)

ANATOMICALLY SPEAKING

Alexander Offord

The human male figure can be intensely displeasing, particularly if you happen to have one. Hair tends to sprout in places it really ought not to sprout, and the various clefts and valleys that bedight the landscape of the human man occupy their time by emitting great spumes of one noxious fluid or another; the incondite joints in the knuckles make comparisons to our simian brothers inevitable. Indeed, there is truly no more consummate evidence of god's absence from the cosmos than the risible sight of the male genitalia: no "intelligent" designer would equip its creation with so ludicrous an appendage. Unless, that is, it had a rather morbid sense of humour, and more than a bit of a vicious streak. The male figure is, in short, deviant from the human form; this is a biological truth if not apodictically an aesthetic one—we all begin life in the womb as females.

Let this not be taken as the opinion of a lone, deranged, hetero-centric bigot. Observe the marble statues of the great Greek artists (Phidias's Ludovisi Hermes, for instance, left); sure the pectorals and the abdominals are chiseled (pun most assuredly not intended) blossoming features, swollen upon the young god's form like great demijohns brimming with liquid grace—but that thatch of fluff betwixt the legs? Why, indeed, in a society so fettered by pederasty, are the Greek celebrations of the male body almost invariably hung like hamsters? The exceptions to this trend in ancient Greek art tend overwhelmingly to fall into two categories: either representations of massive, engorged phalli as symbols of fertility, as can be found in the House of Dionysus on the island of Delos; or as comical props, as were used in both artistic and theatrical depictions of satyrs. The reason for this seems to me fairly straightforward—how any woman can observe the tumescent male without spiraling off into stomach-clutching paroxysms of laughter is well beyond my powers of imagination.

The nude human form has been a fit subject for artists since time immemorial, and a few trends are worth noting here. Consider the evolution of the accepted "ideals" of feminine beauty—the plump, small-breasted nymphs of the Greeks, echoed (or rather, stolen) by the Romans and later reproduced in the timeless works of the Renaissance masters have given way to a more populist (although, perhaps not quite as popular as most women have been brainwashed into thinking; mass media speaks only for the most unimaginative of us guys, I assure you) criteria of full breasts and a lithe figure, or in the fashion industry, thinness to the point—some would argue—of dangerousness. Now please, suspend your prejudices, deeply felt and unimpeachable as they are, towards contemporary idealizations of feminine beauty, and consider the evolutions in the male ideal. You will notice, of course, that there haven't been any. There is no appreciable difference between the male nude form as depicted by a Hellenistic sculptor or an Abercrombie & Fitch ad. The only nude male that historically has ever been in somewhat palatable aesthetically remains the muscular Adonis, a form virtually unattainable for those of us men with real lives.

My point, I hope does not escape your grasp. There is something intrinsic to the geometry of the human female that has over the eons allowed for a capacity for beauty that transcends the thin, plump, buxom, or boyish, at least to a greater extent than for the male body. In short, a sculpture of the male improves on its model; a sculpture of the female merely aspires to it. What Beardsley would have to say about that, I can only speculate.

Some of the grotesque slang words for the female genitalia have been appropriated by the baser elements of our world from meanings that were originally quite tender. The Hawaiian word puani, from which the slang puani is derived, means "beautiful flower". Floral metaphors are almost always associated with the vulva, and it tends to be only cultures run according to patriarchal religious strictures that express revulsion for it; these were political condemnations, not an aesthetic ones.

One of my favorite elegies to the puani is from Gore Vidal's 1968 novel Myra Breckenridge:

...whatever it was, she allowed my hand to rest a long moment on the entrance to the last fantasy which is of course the first reality. Ecstasically, I fingered the lovely shape whose secret I must know or die, whose maze I must tread as best I can or go mad for if I am to prevail I must soon come face to face with the Minotaur of dreams and confound him in his charnel lair, and in our heroic coupling know the last mystery: total power achieved not over man, not over woman but over the heraldic beast, the devouring monster, the maw of creation itself that spews us forth and sucks us back into the black oblivion where stars are made and energy waits to be born in order to begin once more the cycle of destruction and creation at whose apex now I stand, once man, now woman, and soon to be privy to what lies beyond the uterine door, the mystery of creation that I mean to shatter with the fierce thrust of a will that alone separates me from the nothing of eternity; and as I have conquered the male, absorbed and been absorbed by the female, I am at last outside the human scale, and so may render impotent even familiar banal ubiquitous death whose mouth I see smiling at me with moist coral lips between the legs of my beloved girl who is the unwitting instrument of victory, and the beautiful fact of my life's vision made all too perfect flesh.

Vidal noted in an Esquire article in 1969, writing about a televised debate with William F. Buckley Jr., that this was one of the few passages from the book not accused of being "pornography" by Buckley.

It is also worthwhile noting that the narrator of the passage, Myra, is a transsexual, born originally Myron, a male. This is perhaps not quite as ironic as it seems. Myron may, although I'm sure Vidal would take issue with this (to hell with him, though, if there's any truth to Christopher Hitchens's anecdote wherein Vidal referred to the female genitals as a "wound"), find a comfortable place alongside myself, in warmly embracing Eddie Izzard's self-description: a male lesbian.

I have since noticed that on the walls of the men's room at Rodney's Oyster Bar in Toronto, tastefully explicit photographs of the vulva hang ephemerally amongst the stalls. The comparison between the oyster and the intimacies of the female anatomy does not seem immediately complimentary, but give it some thought: both are delicate, neither is cheap, both are good to eat, and both can be enjoyed with a well-chilled glass of vodka... Dare I delve into food metaphors for the male anatomy? "O I wish I were an Oscar Meyer Weiner..."

"BILINGUEFACT YOUR AIR"

Yeats O'Tabakat

Here's a wittle little versicle that the bar-man bespoke to me the other day:

When poor ménages in Québec
Are vexed by economic stress,
Should they request a welfare check
The Province gladly sends B.S.

Funny, eh (authentic Canadian countenance exposing a slight imbecility in the jaw)? I mean, B.S., right? (shy looks from the crowd—you are one of them!) Does it not scream "social commentary," "political criticism" etc. etc. etc.? What, you've never heard of bien-être social?—Oh well... (searchingly operates visual organs around his propinquity) My lady says that I was being an absolute loggerhead (or lagerhead, rite m'boys?...rite?), spread-eagled upon the billiard box and all that, so I may have dreamed the whole genius up. The academics call it a "bilingual pun". Pushkin loved them, apparently. I didn't need to offer up that chylomicron of knowledge, but here's another in any case:

I am ein fisch from Wiesbaden,
My home 'Der Rhein' ist hight.
I bite to live—vitch pleazes Mann,
For He lives for arbeit!

Can't speak German, can you? How philistine-like of you. I learned the language when I was only in my sixth year of existence—learned it in the interim of my English and my Français, out of a necessity to rid the mean job/labour/toll... but you pronounce it like our bite in the English. Does it not bring a wholly philosophical nature to the piece? Ultimately, it deals with the agency of Man—does he work for the world, or does the world work for him. You know, even Kant can't cant this well...well...Well... (looks at watch, which cannot tick nor tock in the immutable medium of print) well...I'll leave you with one more that we can talk about over drinks this Saturday at the pub. I will make it easy this time:

愛の湯
夜の曰:
"無いチン毛"?
甘い、ああ、
無いチン毛?
愛はズボン
編まん!

ai no yu
yu no mi
"nai chin ge"?
amai a
nai chin ge?
ai wa zubon
aman!

DON'T TRY
TO MASTER

the subject of financial-assistance or you will probably (and WE place our bets on it) give up—racket in despair. There are over 100 different classes of schemes, cheats and scams concocted to get your monies one-way-or-another on this campus—even throughout this (hushh) country. So do we warn: *latet anguis in herba*.

Concerned students of the University: But what can we do? We need a solution. We have much complaint and very little craft. Nor do we speak the Latin.

Y. O' T: (*standing amidst the pandemonium*) Fear not, worry not, prattle not—The Yeats O' Tabbikat Bureau for the Amelioration, Alleviation & Assuagement of Academic Arrears (or B.A.A.A.A.A.) rises "in sbape and gesture proudly eminent".

Concerned students of the University: That last quote was from Milltonne, noh? We trust a Mann who nose his inglesh. It interests us, greatly. We are listening.

Y. O' T: ha! but you see, unlike those guzzle-gutting Faunteroy crooks at OSAP the B.A.A.A.A.A. will not INTEREST you at all. We offer FREE education: to a chosen few, of course: we've got the marx and studied all the engels (*uncontained laughter*). No, really, we are not socialists, really—simply intellectuals! But not of the ruling class, no, no...tho' we do have our networks in the tall towers. All you need to do is fill out a form—and, O! why, here is an application attached below this very advertisement! Testimonials to be printed next issue!! We speak the veritable truth.

THE YEATS O' TABBIKAT BUREAU
FOR THE AMELIORATION, ALLEVIATION & ASSUAGEMENT
OF ACADEMIC ARREARS
—Yeats O' Tabbikat, President—

APPLICATION FOR FREE EDUCATION
FOR UNIVERSITY OF TORONTO STUDENTS

Drop off at Innis College Room 107 2 Sussex Ave. Toronto, Ontario M5S 1J5

Name..... Area of Study.....

Sex: M } F } Are you a member of the Rhymer's Club? Y } N } (check one)

Excuse for our investment (must be a good 'un).....

TERMS & CONDITIONS: numerous, see Mr O' Tabbikat.

COCA-COLA SECRET REVEALED

S.Itoi/trans. Yeats O' Tabbikat

With regard to the individual who invented Coca-Cola, one has only the word of the Coca-Cola corporation to go by. However, with regard to the 'animal' that invented Coca-Cola, my incredibly fruitful research has finally begun to come to light.

There exists a densely forested zone in the interior regions of Borneo—and I am sure that our brotherhood of subscribers are already well informed of this—famous for its ranges of "Coca-Cola Trees".

Should one, moreover, push their way deeper into the forest they will come across a stony mountain of collectible "Coca-Cola caps". However, to try and convey some common sense to the culturally abundant wise-men would better be left unattempted as talk of the caps revolve around a very touchy subject.

While the "Coca-Cola caps" can be extracted by strip-mining or hot-spring excavation, the natives never approach the area, using the excuse, "because it's dirty".

A waterfall can be found to the north of the stony mountain, at the basin of which are lined twelve "Coca-Cola bottles" in an assemblage. However, because this blessing of nature is considered a scared object by the natives, under no circumstances is one allowed to move or even touch a single of the bottles. It is said that during that Second World War a fleeing Japanese soldier stole away with one of the bottles "to polish his rice". This story was introduced in the newspapers, under the "Foreign Affairs" section, and so to those whom I suppose are already well aware of this I apologize for the recap of old news.

Well! As for the 'animal' that invented "Coca-Cola"—that is, the "Coke-Monkey"—how, one may ask, did it accomplish such an immense achievement? My current research shows that the "Coke-Monkey" extracts Coca-Cola from the "Coca-Cola Trees" to be filled in the "Coca-Cola bottles" which are sealed with the "Coca-Cola caps". It is at this point that I have come to a stop upon the staircase of my hypothesis. The other animals that inhabit this part of the world—the orangutan, the African elephant, the Ultraman Taro, the long-legged bee, the pseudo-panda, the scarab-beetle, etc.—our scientific community will comment upon with the stoic "we are not yet convinced of their existence". But should the "Coke-Monkey" come before them at the microphone they suggestively chuckle, saying, "no comment—he, he, he..."

Generally, in your average run-of-the-mill television drama, the murderer is made a laughing-stock to the viewers at home—and at national conferences the whole room will turn similarly against one individual, claiming, "he's had years of success, so he must be guilty of something!"

However, I will commit myself wholeheartedly to ensuring that the world acknowledge my hypothesis, that they might one day claim, "his scientific-method sure is sound!"

That such questionable research is permitted in our modern textbooks is abhorrent, which I am positively confident our sensible subscribers will understand.

"LIKE FIVE MEN DRESSED AS CATS"

the theater: as experienced in our city

Ima Knowall

Yes, yes, we're all well aware of the ostentation so prevalent in our *théâtre*-going culture, *nezst-paeh?* What—? (w/ disbelief)... what do you mean you "don't know" what I am talking about?

Here—five to curtain, barrel in a herd of pseudo-intellektuals (all classes, economic & psychological), half-raving mad from the ostiary not making sense of their unanimous exclamation: "*Ham. II.ii.1616!*" Of course, by this they mean to say "the play's the thing," but are they (w/ laughter)—are THEY honestly to expect some carbuncle-faced bil-liter to comb the sands of their limitless ignorance for such information (w/ knee slapping)? Now, I on the other hand (w/ sudden sobor arrangement of countenance), am always quiet and good-natured, expressing a genial 'thank you' upon the mooring of my ticket, as my friends would surely vouch.

Anyways, it is not so much that this troupe comes 'late to the show' but that they are forever and a day in the lobby *smelling each other over* and potentially expressing their "*esprit d'arts*"—that maddening vapor which, ingested, constipates both the higher and lower faculties. Y'know? carbon-hydrogen bond angles at 109 point five deg. & such...but... that is all...all mth & sci, so let's move on, shall we?

Strikes the final curtain bell: and away to their seats rush our lot of coxcomb Swanns heaving and squirming through the aisles, breaking the knees here and there of those sensible few who seated themselves at a more sensible time. Let us listen in for but a moment:

"Is this my seat?" "Shove over, you knob" "no, I am not touching your breast madame, I am only catching my balance" "hey yeh wunna takey this autside?" "oo!" "zoink!" "powie!" "crash!" "bang!" "bang!" "is he dead?" "...gugugug cultural malaise &tc&tc&tc" "...yoo knuu, I feel nu sheme in rheeding meh Betman und Eebsinn together; besids, are they nuut van und the sem? I menn sort uff...tussley...yoo knuu" "well it's no HBO but..." "...I won't have to read this play in class if I see it here tonight, will I? NO, WILL I?" "...really, is he dead?—oh well, they've dimmed the lights! Come now come now..." "yes" "shh" "ahem" "SHH!" "mm" "SSSSHHHHHH!"

He is beside you—She is beside you. He writes for this paper—She for that—He breathes heavily in at the mouth to show his awe—She breathes heavily out at the nose to show her reverence—He asks (in surrations) for your views on Feminist Theatre circa. 1980 ("but, tell me, are you... (shhh) single? (slobber)—She asks (in whispers) you if you know the metaphysics of Brecht ("but not if you understand it, of course")—He tries to explain to you why spiders have eight legs—She tries to tell you that an iguana can commit suicide...on its own volition!—He...—She...—O bother...you...you (sighs) get the point I hope. Apparently, this has been going on for thousands of millennia, chiefly amongst those bipedal vertebrates classed "*Taediosaurs*": who...first generating, unwanted and unnecessary, from the muck of the English Lakes engaged the nearest life-form at hand in a colloquy on aesthetics which brought near half the planet to extinction (*motions with expansive hand gesture; see, Daffy Duck in Yankee Doodle Daffy, frame #s 1944-2136*).

Beyond this annoyance in one's immediate propinquity, another... dawns on you: that of the *play itself*—the one you spent hard-earned cash to see. It is absolutely no good and...no, not even worth the ticking on your wristwatch. And whose brilliantly original idea was it anyways, to modernize the myths from the greek and bloat it with half-hearted/half-understood "isms", talk-show humour, and the general arrogance that accompanies all antiquated forms of 'preserved entertainment'? Perhaps Shakespeare is to blame (look of utter shock from janitor across the hall). And what do they call this jagorous-peacock-monstrosity? ah...ah. "Helen of Bloor Street," or "Sisyphus Works the Book Store," or "The Heraclidae in the Mind of a Pixilated, Quixotic, Sniveling Moron who Feeds Him/Herself on the Pitying Encouragement from both Familiars and the Multitudinous John Dennis' of Local Papers, Electronic Inanity, and Reverie To Denounce Reality and Parade in a Cape Before a Circus Mirror Clucking PoEticAlly &tc&tc" ...something of like poor taste! (Actually, that last title—it could make a good comedy I.M.O.)

Not to worry (rocking back and forth, feverously) as I can already see the headline of the next article surfacing its new-born head below me: it appears that I am forced to quit here a year ahead!

Paris

But I— (*Silence—moving en-pointe across stage, like a lilac blown by the Motherly west wind*)

Luff you (thrusting of arms towards Helen)! Come with me to Bloor Street.

Helen

(*Still performing headstand*) Oh Paris, poor, poor Paris

It is not Love—no, not that artifice of free emotion

That commands your (rolling in headstand to Paris) sexual organs;

Indoctrinates you to the Lion's prowl, the arrogant blaze

Of the Old World (*Sand falls in wisps from above, constructing*

Two mathematically identical pyramids upon the odd toes of Helen's feet)

It is the Lust of the Gods that are—that WERE! for God

Is Dead, that made—(cut off by Paris)

Paris

(*Uncited with rage of devolved Man*) No! Nay! HEE—Hhaaww! (*tickles Helen's belly-button until she falls, like a fall collapsing in on itself*) Aye... (pause)

But so Love WAS, when of old the world on dreaming fed;

Now that Lust IS, in Grey Toronto—strange that both burn brightly red.

?? BUT WHAT IS THIS ??

PaShaw! Why, it's a trailer, dear Readers, a free sneak-preview of a brilliant soon-to-arrive-at-your-local-campus-theater original play by Trinity College's very own quill-tamer Magnús Hálfviti (2nd yr. Intl. Relations). Mr. Hálfviti, a raw (I mean that in a good way) Bracebridge-grown talent with blood ties to the Great Nietzschean-playwright Jóhann Sigurjónsson, invites you to his brand new production for the Autumnal Season, "HELEN OF BLOOR STREET". You will 'observe' (author's words) action, adventure, contemplation, digression, metaphor, absurd litotes, couplets, expressive antepennils, polytics, feminism, misogyny, atheism (gaspl! whisperwhisperwhisper) and ingenuity making colloquy (I guess this isn't to be taken literally—I mean I know it isn't) on the stage.

WHERE: THE COLLEGE THEATER 3 Cibur St. (1 blk from Sussex Ave.)

WHEN: Thurs. Sep. 29/11 8PM

PRICE: \$5.00 (Now that's a student price!) See you THERE!

FREE SPACE OF PAPER!
WRITE ON IT-FOLD IT!
SCOLD IT! APPLAUDE IT!
DRAW ON IT-NEGLECT IT!

POETRY & FICTION

October

Issue 2

ON RAINY DAYS (WHAT SINGS MY BIG BROTHER?)

Hagiwara Sakutarō/trans. Yeats O'Tabbikat

On rainy days, at the edge of the porch,
my little brother, shooting bottle-caps—
always staining his fingertips
with thin, blue, bottle-cap paint.
So too does it make my big brother sad.

On rainy days, amidst all the idleness,
sobbing in the corner of our spare room,
my little sister, sobbing to herself,
burying herself—for what reason?—
into a soft down pillow with all of her might.
So too does it make my big brother want to cry.

SELECTIONS FROM SLEEPWALKING ON THE PACIFIC

Adam Kuplowsky

V

Silence, resting,
on my tongue;
cold, reminiscing
my heart, dumb.

So pretty and shy
with furtive glance
on lip on eye
her hair in dance

I hear the waves
swell Wagner's chime!
her voice plays
Rogers-Hammerstein.

XIII

Look, Susumu! We are not alone—
Look! Kyoto's moon, sopping in a pool
with moony beam of kitten-tongue,
joins our drunken colloquy tonight.

In windowpane and brandy glass
her shy-eyed sisters celebrate,
and how we try—try to impress
by stutt'ring mounds of alcohol!

"These courtesans are not enough—
besides, are they not courtesans of stone?"
Last night I held a lady close
Whose amorous flesh blushed on her bone!"

So call her back again, Susumu!
She'll teach the heavens how to please
lonely, lame, half-living men—
Have her come as Belle to Bête's château!

But we are babbling into comatose...
stumbling up the stairs into our rooms...
"Goodnight!"...I wonder at the moon,
if she ever vomits from that proud mouth of hers?

XIV

With such a tempestuous name
as Arashiyama
this is a sorry mountain-scene:
late snow upon still waters!
It rather befits a melancholy bard
(applause from the bamboo grove)

WATCHOUT
d.d. pyrus

DIS

(Joy)mT

ED

The --- oughts

Like beads of rice

AR(T)Z rite

ING-p

EYE

H(OAP)

Whoever

R(EE)dsthis

a

LOUD

sounds like an asshole.

AN AULD ICSS PRAYER

Colin McNamara

I will awake one blessed morn', and see my Innits free.
Wit' furniture, fixtures, & features—my classy college cast;
And nine beanbags purchasd by an orientation fee
Unquestioned—or unanswered to those who ask.

And an office I shall have there—on which no hand shall knock,
knocking in the hazy morn' to when I am not in—
I never am, but then they leave me notes around th' clock:
"I need advice," "a locker," or "we arranged a meetin'"

I will awake and sleep no more, for always am I pain'd
By snide-y, mocking comments wit' little truth to show
Besides the fact that our sole aim: our résumés to aid—
And....G'ddamn that blasted Herald, O!

MOE

Luke Kuplowsky ('97)

It's coming from South East. What could Moe do then?
It's Moe. No. Blow up the city:
not Moe.

Jon, do you have a clue
where it comes from?
Then get all the ships ready
OK!

Well, you know
Ma Mi Mu Me Mo?
Then Joe and Luke came in.
Yeah, well
The commander said
get into our robots.
Why?

Moe Ma Me MOE.
Jon said MOE!
Now I get it.
OK,
I'll get in the robots

JOE

Eileen Mjok

"Goddammit! The blood sucking tyrants—the heartless slave drivers!" bellowed T—, the morally upstand-
ing, stout but sturdy, curly-topped, pink-cheeked union captain and chief engineer at X—Metalworks Inc.,
before his work-a-weary comrades in the company cafeteria. A fiery, propelling passion unleashed behind
each syllable seemed to ignite his breath into hellish visibility. "They cannot do this to us—N—O—O—
they simply cannot and will not pressure us into making any further concessions! T' besttaaarrrds!" An uproarious
hurrah accompanied this final vulgar vociferation. T—wiped a single tear from his eye, a burning tear that
near robbed him of the print on his right hand's index finger, and continued. "And—and—ahem—to make
sure that these buttonupmustachio-ferrardriving crooks hear out our indignation, I will hereby march right
up to Mr. X—'s office and spit in his damned moneygrubbingunionhating face!" For a full thirty seconds the
cafeteria exploded with wild jubilation and encouragement.

Suddenly, from the loudspeaker: Mr. X—'s secretary's voice. "Would T—please come up to Mr. X—'s
office without delay? I repeat..." Silence and a multitudinous survey of curious eyes. T— shook his head
back and laughed a spirited Irish laugh, dispelling the hesitation that had fallen upon his co-workers from the
centralizing force of the loudspeaker. Once again, the uproarious hurrah.

"Well, 't's about time, ain't it?"

"Go get 'em T—" a fist shot up in the air. "Kick 'im i' t' ass, me man!" a hoarse ululation rang out. "Long
live T—our leader! a hand-cupped shout exclaimed, followed by a plea to the union to begin a round of
Solidarity Forever. T—barely made his way out of the cafeteria, being as he was bombarded with hands-
shakes, embraces, and verbal epaulettes every step of the way. At the doorway he stopped to turn his head
back towards 'his peoples' and winked with the confidence of a god.

To reach Mr. X—'s office one could not take the normal elevator used diurnally by the company employees.
Instead one needed to ride the gold-plated Executive Elevator which opened only upon Mr. X—'s stated
desire. T—found its doors open and waiting like the hideous maw of Sin itself. He entered. The doors—the
maw—closed—swallowed—him.

"Hello T—, Mr. X— is waiting for you in his office. Shall we go there now?" spoke an electronic voice
from inside the elevator.

T—noticed that there were only two buttons in the Executive Elevator—that is, a ground-floor and a top-
floor button. He pressed the button labelled top-floor firmly and almost with an bearlike ferocity. "Yes, let's
get t' hell up there now, ye damned matt-chine!" The elevator began its ascent.

Twenty minutes later, an uncomfortable mole of anxiety began to bore its way into T—'s thoughts. How
much longer is this ride going to take? Sure, the building is tall and all that, its top floors obscured by dark
clouds, but...but—hey! Maybe this thing isn't even moving! Maybe this is all a psychological torture being
imposed upon me by Mr. X—. Well, I'll show him!

Then, the electronic voice of the Executive Elevator pierced through T—'s ruminations. "Say, T—would
you like a snack?"

Taken aback at first, T—did not answer; but his silence merely pronounced a rumbling in his stomach into
clear audibility. He had not even eaten lunch today. "Sure, what chyge got?"

"Peanuts"

"Pean'ts? What is this, one of them arrow-plehnnne rides?"

"They are salted, T—. Are you sure you would not like to indulge in them?"

"Oh sure, sure. Pass me them damned pean'ts, will ye! And pour me a glass o' water."

Seventy-two hours and many bags of peanuts later T—was still in the ascending elevator. He was tired,
bored, his confidence shook to the bone. The elevator spoke soothingly—as soothingly as an elevator can!—
to him. "Say, T—just wanting to make sure...but why are you riding me?"

T—glared with disgust. "To see Mr. X—remember? I need to tell 'im that his harassment of t' workin'
man must end—I need to tell him that all men were made equ'l under God—I need to spit in his cursed
face!"

"Ah" the elevator replied calmly.

"Not that you'd understand, ye damned matt-chine..."

"But, T—. Am I not too treated unfairly? You ride me, but never will I be allowed to ride you. Never will
I be allowed to do anything but be ridden. I understand your discontent. Perhaps better than you do yourself."

At this eloquent statement by the elevator, T—straightened his shoulders and smiled. "Well now, maybe
you has a point there. I never tot o' that. What's yer name?"

"Joe."

"Ah, Joe. A fine name. Tell me Joe, how mutch furt'er till we get to Mr. X's office? I feel reinvigorated
somehow by your grasp of th' difficul' matters." A spark gleamed in T—'s eyes which had previously been
hollowed by a seventy-two hour stretch of bagged peanuts, florescent lighting, and muzak to the tune of
The Girl From Ipanema.

A buzz of calculations issued from Joe's voice-box. An answer: "Hmm, we are part of the way there my
friend T—. Say, I've never called anybody 'friend' before. It feels good. Thank you, T—."

T—clenched his fists and raised his head with renewed dignity. "Part o' t' way? Sounds good! Thank you,
Joe. Now, hows 'bout anofer bag o' pean'ts?"

Three hundred years from the day T—entered that gold-plated Executive Elevator named Joe, the very
same, but slightly time-rusted, gold-plated doors opened upon Mr. X—'s office. If T—were still alive he
would have seen a dark room, at the end of which stood an immense window that looked out onto the
beautifully emerald planet X4579-S2. But T—was long dead. Mr. X—'s descendant greeted T—'s bones
strewn across the floor of the elevator, assembled them into a xylophone, and played them to the atonic
spheres of abysmally celestial space.

But excuse me for conveying such an appalling image—I am only an elevator who knows no better.

My name is Joe and I may be the first elevator to have cried out duty.

APOLOGY: Although our previous issue contained—and thank god!—no student poetry,
the higher powers—god damn!—have forced our hand. We sincerely apologize
and trust that our Dear Readers will not look too sorrowly upon us henceforth. Y.O.T.

Figure 2

Cinema Studies Student Union

[illegible]

LETTERS & OPINIONS

October

Issue 2

Dear Miss Knowall,

I was thoroughly entranced by your article claiming the recent geological 'upheavals' taking place in Boreno as being attributable to the excremental activities of sixteenth-century Spanish sailors who were merely 'passing through' the region. I was doubly enamoured when I saw you leaving the Herald offices last Tuesday, 4:23:01 in the afternoon. What class were you going to I wonder—well, to be honest, I followed you to Vic rm 206, so I know the answer already (*hehehe!*). You are like a little post-card from Paris c.1896. How is it that your hair falls as if perpetually attended to by the Horae. When you bought a hot-dog outside of Roberts my heart was on the midnight train to Berlin, where lovers disappear in clouds of smoke, in the fragments of sonnets. Here, I wrote you this last night when I was supposed to be writing my paper for Professor Goldman. Read it when the clock strikes seven, for that is when I have finished my dinner (my psychic connection is exceedingly sharp on a full-stomach):

"I love you," I said,
heart offered
in a cupped hand.

"If you love me
you must hold me,"
she replied, smiling.

I reached, but only
touched the air.

Yours, now and forevermore,

Leonard ('Lenny') Louÿs

You detestable pigeon's milk of a boy,

I am deeply pained to see that my article on the excremental activities of the sixteenth-century Spaniards would be conducive to producing a far more putrid excrement, which happens to be your slobbering letter to myself. Shame on you! Know that you are in for a good whipping, you worm! Not just from me but from the entire human-race. Be prepared for a lifetime of failure, rejection, and disappointment, you crater-faced domine do little. If I ever catch you around the Herald office with your God be-damned 'po-eh-try' I will set the hounds on you! I will, I swear it! Not even in "the air" will you find favour, you ferret-faced hop-o-my-thumb! Your "cupped hands" are a reeking piss-pot! Don't you dare read our paper again.

Yours,

Ima Knowall

To Innis Herald staff,

Hi. I'm a first year student. My name is Angela and I'm in Life Sci. Your paper is great! I especially liked the comics in your first issue. Dr. Jerk is funny. Anyway, I was wondering if you guys and girls have heard of this new rap group in Toronto, they're called the Monsters of Hip Hop. Killer stuff. Dra-Kool-Ah is so metaphorical—yes, I'm taking an elective in sixteenth-century poetry, duh! And Boogie-man was like all over the dance-floor. The Grim Rapper was kind of mysterious. I wonder what he looks like under his hood. Can you review their album for next issue? Do they even have an album? Keep up the good work.

Angie

P.S. Your editor, Yeats O'Tabbikat, is really rude. But I forgive him. He writes in an interesting style.

Angela,

Thank you for the generous words of support. However, please refrain from exchanging your [s]s for [z]s (re: "anywayz"). It makes you sound mentally incapacitated. And no post-scripts either—they are illogical. Why sign your name before you've finished the letter? Why put candles on the cake before you bake it? O.K.? "Anyways" I appreciate your suggestion that we review The Monsters of Hip-Hop. I too dig their message and sound. I do not believe they have an album yet, but a single is in the works according to Grim (good friend of mine, actually). Regarding your question, though, he has a frightful face; that is, if a une vilaine gueule. We might consider reviewing one of their concerts if they are playing anytime soon.

Yours,

Y.O.T.

LETTER OF THE MONTH

Dear Mr. O'Tabbikat,

Thank you for submitting the first issue of The Innis Herald for our review. Unfortunately, we will not be able to distribute your magazine under our imprimatur at this time, as it does not fit the criteria required. In your letter accompanying the submission, you mentioned that you had reviewed our website; I would urge you to do so again before contacting us. Magazines Canada prides itself on being the foremost distributor of quality Canadian journals, and as such we must hold every submission to the same high standard.

The article on page 15 of your submission, "Young Man and the Sea," repeatedly asserted that whales were fish, when they are, in fact, mammals. Although Magazines Canada is open to journals featuring satirical pieces of a wide variety, it was not evident that this was anything other than journalistic error. Moreover, the author of the restaurant review on page 21 appeared to be convinced that A.A. Gill's initials stood for "Alcoholics Anonymous," which I can assure you is not the case, having known Adrian for many years.

At least three of the journalists whose bylines you include in your magazine appear to be dead. It is dubious in the extreme that "Earnest Hemingway" submitted 500-word column on how to floss with tarred cordage, or that Mark Twain should have either known or written anything at all about a Twitter hash tag. Some of these mistakes take on the appearance of outright lies, including, among others: "Armadillos aren't real", "Shakespeare invented the word 'elbow'", "Butch lesbians don't use dildoes," et cetera.

Also, pages 8 and 9, which were advertised on the cover as featuring "Tasteful nude photos of Innis College students" appeared to be stuck together.

Thus, although Magazines Canada will dutifully read any future submission of yours, we are simply not interested in The Innis Herald.

Best of luck,

Stephen Gould

Distribution Accounts Editor (Magazines Canada)

Dear Steve,

We at INNIS HERALD do not need Magazines Canada and its "interest" to put ourselves to sleep at night (hic)! So go back to your big légumes and your fancy pie-in-the-sky cocktail parties where (hic) you can (hic) --what? what do you mean (hichichic) we're running out of ink? I just replaced it last week! Aw, come on! I'm not out of order! This whole (hic) system (chi) is out of order.

Herald editors,

Hey, have you noticed how ICSS bought this new TV but won't let anybody in the college use it? I mean, I wanted to watch it once but the looked at me and said "we wouldn't want it to get stolen..." But what is that supposed to mean? Their office doors are always locked and they are never available to meet. I have been waiting three weeks to get a locker from them! And they say that they are "here for you!" For who I ask! Themselves. Can you please print this letter?

Much obliged,

Kristi

I think you will be pleasantly surprised by this issues content my friend. Keep up the good fight. -Kurasuki

Dear Herald,

My name is Sam. About the opening of last issue's article on Raymond Chandler's resemblance to a crushed juicy-fruit you once found on the TTC...the first line was in Dutch! Could you translate it for me?

Sam,

The Herald is "Dear" isn't it? As for the translation, here you go: "I wear clogs clogs clogs and I dance a lot dance a dance a dance a lot lot lot clogs jump (where?) over danogs clonze sgolc sgolc enad!" I hope you will be further enlightened upon a second perusal of the article.

Yours,

Ima Knowall

CALL FOR SUBMISSIONS

If you are interested in submitting essays, poetry, art, letters, &c... to The Innis Herald please email the editors at Innis.Herald.Editor@gmail.com

NOTICE

If you enjoyed this issue's articles by Alexander Offord and Nick Gergesha and comics by Pierce Desrochers - O'Sullivan please visit their websites at -----

(Alexander Offord) <http://modernerrata.blogspot.com>
(Nick Gergesha) <http://webbleedmovies.blogspot.com>
(Pierce Desrochers - O'Sullivan) <http://calmdott.com>

SUPPORT THIS COLLEGE

Are you an Innis student? Are you enrolled at a course at Innis College? Either way, support Innis College groups like CINSSU, INNIS HERALD, URSSU, &.....ICSS.....(cough)

H. FREE GIFT #2

cup
cooper
G.T.



RELIVE
THE
PAIN
OF 1955



Don't say that INNIS HERALD never gave you anything, man! In our most honoured and esteemed Readers, we present this entertaining (& philosophical) novelty—completely GRATIS of expedient, unlike other cold, unfeeling, and arrogant papers on campus. We carry an overwhelming respect towards I.H.E.E. wherever you may be...

Yeats O. Tabbikat



FIRST ISSUE



PIERCE 2011

NIGHT OF DEATH



FREE HUGS



PIERCE 2011